

# THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

By JOHN E. HELMS.

MORRISTOWN, TENN., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1877.

VOL. 11.—NO. 16.

## New Advertisements.

**WM. G. TAYLOR,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MORRISTOWN, TENN.

**WILL S. DICKSON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
MORRISTOWN, TENN.

**W. D. GAMMON,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
MORRISTOWN, TENN.

**A. H. PETTIBONE,**  
Attorney at Law,  
GREENEVILLE, TENN.

**THE CENTRAL HOUSE,**  
(A new Hotel—just opened.)  
Gay Street, - - Knoxville, Tenn.

**J. C. FLANDERS, Proprietor.**

**THE CENTRAL HOUSE,**  
IS SITUATED A FEW STEPS  
from the Custom House, Post Office,  
Bank, Wholesale and Retail Stores, and Market.  
Rooms and Table, equal to the best in the city.  
June 26, '77.

**SAM POWELL HOUSE.**  
Formerly ROGERSVILLE HOTEL.

**ROGERSVILLE, TENNESSEE.**

**Sam P. Powell, Pro.**

Porter always in attendance at trains to carry  
baggage to the House free of charge.

**PRIVATE BOARDING AT THE  
DAY OR WEEK AT THE**

**GRIGSBY HOUSE,**  
RUTLEDGE, TENN.

**JOSEPH GRIGSBY, - - - Proprietor**

THIS HOUSE IS SITUATED IN  
a quiet country town, and convenient to Min-  
eral Waters of almost any grade or kind, with good  
dirt roads to and from the same. Board can be  
had at this House at \$1.50 per day, + 1.00 per week,  
or \$15.00 per month during the winter season.  
Apply to  
**JOSEPH GRIGSBY, Proprietor.**

**TONSorial.**

**By Mack Fulton,**  
At the Virginia House,  
MORRISTOWN, - - - TENN.

I solicit the public  
patronage, and would say  
that I can give satisfac-  
tion either in a clean, neat  
shave, hair-cut, hair-dress, clean shamp-  
poo, or an elegant whisker or moustache  
dye. Terms moderate.

**WALKER & SON,**  
THE OLD, RELIABLE AND "PERMANENT"  
**Barbers,**

HAVE removed their shop from the old stand  
on Henry street to the house in the "Y," near  
the depot, where they will be pleased to at-  
tend upon all of their old customers, and as many  
new ones as may feel inclined to patronize him.

**FRED. A. SHOTWELL,**  
SURGEON DENTIST;  
Rogersville, - - Tenn.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of  
the village and surrounding country, and assures  
those who favor him with their patronage, that he  
will make it his pleasure to give perfect satis-  
faction. Terms, cash. Ladies preferring it will  
be attended upon at their homes without extra charge.  
Sept. 27, 1876 - 10 - 30.

**MORRISTOWN**  
**Female High School.**

REV. T. P. SEMMERS,  
R. A. LOWMY, (Davidson College),  
Associate Principals,  
C. E. DILLWORTH, Principal, Music Dep't.  
The next session commences the first Monday  
in September, 1877.  
Board from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week.  
 tuition from \$10.00 to \$20.00 per term of 30 weeks.  
Admission the Principals, Morrilltown, Tenn.,  
Oct. 22-75-76.

**ROGERSVILLE**  
**Female College.**

THE NEXT SESSION WILL  
begin Monday, September 4th. The location  
of the buildings, the thoroughness in the mode of in-  
struction, and the care taken in the selection of  
the faculty, are all of the most approved kind.  
For particulars of particulars, address  
REV. A. W. WILSON,  
July 1876-77.

**DENTISTRY.**  
**THOS. J. SPECK, D. D. S.**  
OFFICE:  
Rogersville, Tenn., from 12 to 12:30 of each month  
at \$1.00, from 12:30 to 1:00 of each month  
at \$1.50, and at 1:00 to 1:30 of each month  
at \$2.00.

**Valuable Farm for Sale!**  
Two miles north of MOR-  
rilltown, 200 acres more or less, well watered  
and fertile, with good dwelling, splendid young  
orchard, barn, etc. I will sell all of my house-  
hold goods, including piano, furniture, etc., and  
also the above farm, at a low price, on account of  
illness. Call on me at my residence.  
JOHN PRYDE,  
Morrilltown, Tenn.

## SPECIAL LOCALS.

**JOSEPH T. McTEER.**  
This gentleman, so well known to the  
merchants and people of East Tennessee,  
succeeds the firm of Bearden & McTeer  
in the extensive clothing store at Knoxville.  
His Spring and Summer stock is  
very large and complete, was purchased  
at reduced prices, and his customers  
will have the benefit of his intelligence.  
While at Knoxville, last week, we had  
an opportunity of seeing his goods, and  
were astonished at the low prices laid  
upon them. A man can get a good and  
respectable suit anywhere between \$10  
and \$20 as he may select. Everything  
in the clothing line for gentlemen can  
be found at his store as low as anywhere  
else in Knoxville or in the State.

We are very grateful to the people of  
Hamblen and adjoining counties for the  
liberal patronage given us in the past,  
and now offer a beautiful stock of goods,  
fresh and new, remarkably low-dry  
goods, notions, boots and shoes, gen-  
eral clothing, etc., etc. Don't fail to  
call to examine goods and prices.  
May 2, 1877. J. H. TATE & CO.

**WOOL CARDING.**  
The Morrilltown Woolen Factory, lo-  
cated in the town of Morrilltown, in  
the east end of Morrilltown, opposite J. Brown  
& Sons' Carriage Shop, where I will receive and  
make to order, all kinds of FURNITURE.  
Special attention given to all orders. I will  
keep on hand and make to order, all  
kinds of FURNITURE. All kinds of repairing done  
in the Furniture line. Having had years of ex-  
perience in the FURNITURE and CARPENTRY trade,  
I feel that I can guarantee satisfaction in either line  
of business. Prices to suit the hard times.  
Prompt attention given to all orders. For Carriage  
and a liberal discount in former prices on all work.  
Spring-seats and Chairs repaired in the  
order.  
March 29, 1876-77. M. A. WHITE.

**Cabinet-Maker and Undertaker.**

I hereby inform my old customer and the pub-  
lic generally, that I have moved to my NEW store  
in the east end of Morrilltown, opposite J. Brown  
& Sons' Carriage Shop, where I will receive and  
make to order, all kinds of FURNITURE.  
Special attention given to all orders. I will  
keep on hand and make to order, all  
kinds of FURNITURE. All kinds of repairing done  
in the Furniture line. Having had years of ex-  
perience in the FURNITURE and CARPENTRY trade,  
I feel that I can guarantee satisfaction in either line  
of business. Prices to suit the hard times.  
Prompt attention given to all orders. For Carriage  
and a liberal discount in former prices on all work.  
Spring-seats and Chairs repaired in the  
order.  
March 29, 1876-77. M. A. WHITE.

**HOTEL AND LIVERY STABLE.**

The undersigned has LEASED the  
Dougherty Property, in Whitesburg,  
and has thoroughly renovated and refit-  
ted the same, and is prepared to accom-  
modate permanent and transient guests.  
His table will be supplied with the  
very best of the country affords, in  
connection with the Hotel a Livery  
Stable is attached, where horses can be  
had at any and all times. Charges mod-  
erate. Will also run a regular Hack  
to Rogersville. Drummers accommo-  
dated in any way.

**A. H. KIRKPATRICK,**  
Whitesburg, Tenn. v10 n49 pdi-qr.

**J. H. TATE & CO.**  
have just received from the East-  
ern Markets a Large and well se-  
lected Stock of Goods, and are  
prepared to offer to their friends  
of Hamblen and adjoining coun-  
ties, some Rare Indulgences in  
Prices, and they respectfully so-  
licit those in search of Bargains to  
call and examine their Stock  
and Prices before Purchasing.

**Ice Cream.**  
Parties in Morrilltown can be supplied  
with ice-cream from Mr. Peter Kern's  
Saloon, Knoxville, by forwarding their  
orders; the ice-cream will be sent in  
"freezers," the "freezers" being return-  
ed to the city following. Visitors to the  
section, when in the city, should call on  
Mr. Kern, on Market Square, and re-  
fresh themselves with Soda-water, Ice-  
cream, Fruit, etc. Our country men-  
chants will please remember that Mr.  
Kern is the leading wholesale Con-  
fectioner in East Tennessee.

**To Our Customers.**  
Necessity knows no refusal.  
Your wants must all be supplied.  
Take warning, and see us as usual.  
Before your money is applied.

Remember we stick to the old advice,  
And think of the other advantage,  
Of selecting from a stock nice and new.  
In buying we have practiced economy,  
And recommend the same to you;  
For 'tis the duty of every family,  
To keep their money well close too.

So don't fail to call in to see us,  
When you are passing home way;  
You will find we are really solicitous,  
To show you we mean all we say.

**J. H. TATE & CO.**

**Murder Will Out.**  
A few days ago "August Flower"  
was discovered to be a certain cure for  
Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. A few  
times Dyspepsia made known to their  
friends how easily and quickly they had  
been cured by its use. The great merit  
of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER became  
heralded through the country by one  
advertising, its sale has become immense.  
Druggists in EVERY TOWN in the  
United States are selling it. No person  
suffering with Sick Headache, Bilious-  
ness, Constipation, or Pimples of the  
Face, Indigestion, Low Spirits, etc.,  
can take too much of it. Go to your  
Druggist, W. P. Carriger, and  
get a bottle for 75 cents and try it. Sam-  
ple bottles 10 cents.

**THE LAMAR HOUSE,**  
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

**JOHN SCHERER, Proprietor.**

South-west corner Gay and Cum-  
berland Sts., in the business centre  
of the city.

My aim will be to keep in the fu-  
ture what Knoxville has long need-  
ed, a first-class hotel.

**FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.**  
It has the advantage over all other  
hotels in the city in regard to loca-  
tion, being situated

**In the Business Centre of the City.**  
The interior of the Lamar House  
is being refurnished and refitted  
throughout. Good Beds, an excel-  
lent Table and attentive servants,  
await the traveler.

Terms will be reasonable and the  
Public is invited to give the house,  
under the new management, a trial.

**JOHN SCHERER, Proprietor.**  
WM. H. LAMAR, Clerk.

## The Morrilltown Gazette.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1877.

### NEWS SUMMARY.

A three-year-old ram was sheared of  
twenty pounds of wool on the farm of  
Robert Rhodes at Wales Station, Giles  
county, recently.

Mr. William H. Vanderbilt reduced the  
rent of one of his railroad eating-  
houses from \$6,000 to \$1,500 on the  
lessee promising to give up his bar.

John Lathrop Motley, the deceased  
historian, was a fellow-student at Got-  
tingen and Berlin with Bismarck.

According to the Washington Repub-  
lican Hamilton Fish could get the Eng-  
lish Mission if he desired it, but he has  
determined to take a rest.

Mr. Bell, assistant Secretary of the  
Interior, has brought suit for libel  
against the New York Sun, assessing  
damages at \$100,000.

Many Misses are putting on their first  
long dresses, and are preparing to feel  
insulted by the first thoughtless and in-  
nocent who speaks of one of them as "a  
girl."

A remarkable band of horse thieves  
has been discovered in Missouri and  
Illinois. One of them, named Lowe, is  
a preacher and recently got up a revival  
meeting at Havana, Illinois, to enable  
his associates to steal the best horses in  
the neighborhood. He is in jail.

An exchange says that silver half-dol-  
lars have become a positive nuisance.  
They have never been found to be a  
nuisance in this part of the world. Happy  
is the land that has such an objection to  
them.

A New Hampshire paper relates that  
at Newton, in that State, a mad dog,  
after having been wounded took refuge  
in a barn, where some of the hay be-  
came soaked with his blood. The hay  
was fed to a horse, which went mad.

The completion of the new building  
for the State, War, and Navy Depart-  
ment will result in an annual saving to  
the Government of nearly \$100,000, now  
paid for the rent of the building occu-  
pied by the various bureaus of the War  
Department.

A banquet was given to M. Gambetta  
at Amiens on Saturday evening. M.  
Gambetta made a speech, in the course  
of which he declared that the Republi-  
cans must not think of any other means  
beyond moral resistance in rescuing  
France.

As a result of the recent visit of the  
Postal Commission to the South it has  
been agreed that hereafter the run from  
New Orleans to New York by the Ken-  
necaw route shall be made in sixty-two  
hours. Pullman cars will be run be-  
tween Philadelphia and New Orleans  
without change.

It is indeed gratifying to see that Mar-  
shall Pitkin, of Louisiana, has "gone  
down." It grieves Butler, which pleases  
everybody. Jack Wharton has his place,  
and he is "a gay and festive cuss," but  
that's of no consequence. The worst  
element that ever entered our politics is  
being sifted out.

An extensive band of horse thieves  
has been discovered in Illinois and Mis-  
souri. Wm. Twedell, one of the gang  
arrested at Kirtsville, Mo., has made a  
confession implicating persons of high  
reputation, among them a preacher, who  
recently got up a revival meet-  
ing, during which his confederates were  
to steal horses.

Mrs. Allen, wife of Rev. A. C. Allen,  
who has been visiting her daughter, has  
returned to Indianapolis. The Terre  
Haute Gazette says that Mrs. Allen was  
born and spent her girlhood in  
Dumfries, Scotland. When a girl she  
attended the same Kirk as Bobby Burns,  
sat in the same pew and knew him  
very well.

Becher said to his congregation last  
Sunday: "I am a father to many of  
you—a grandfather to some—and if the  
Lord don't want me I mean to work on  
here until I am 80 or 90 years old."  
[Laughter.] But I don't care much  
either way. If he wants me I am ready to  
go. I seem to have my strength re-  
newed day by day, and I feel so active  
that I sometimes wish I had more to do.

A Chicago dispatch says a confession  
just made by two criminals, now confin-  
ed in the Ohio penitentiary, if true,  
proves that the wrong man has been  
hanged for the murder of a young girl,  
named Mary Murray, who was waylaid,  
outraged and murdered near Pontiac,  
Illinois, in 1880. A young man named  
Wesley L. Morris was arrested, tried and  
convicted of the crime, but solemnly  
asserted his innocence to his last mo-  
ments upon the scaffold.

Virginia Chronicle: The other night  
a man whose head was almost completely  
half bald asleep in a saloon, and some  
wags, procuring a fine brush and some  
India ink, pencilled in delicate tracery  
the words, "I use Wagner's Hair Invig-  
orator." The old fellow, who was a  
bachelor, never knew the difference, and  
last night attended the theatrical per-  
formance at the National Guard Hall.  
He occupied the front row, to the infinite  
amusement of the people just behind  
him.

**Paternal Feelings.**  
"Fighting again, eh?" inquires  
the Vermont farmer. "Well, I'll  
see you in the wood-shed after din-  
ner." "Father," exclaims the boy,  
with tears in his eyes, "it was that  
Johnson's boy. He came along and  
called me the son of a cross-eyed  
sheep-thief; and, father, I couldn't  
stand by and hear you spoken of in  
that manner!" The father feels in  
his vest-pocket for a cent, and nothing  
further is said about the wood-  
shed business.

### A GROWL.

BY QUEENKILL.

I'm a grumpy old bachelor,  
Grizzled and gray;  
I am seven-and-forty,  
I am a day.

I am fussy and crusty,  
And dry as a bone;  
Just ladies—good ladies—  
Just let me alone!

Go shake out your ringlets,  
And beam out in smiles;  
Go think your trinkets,  
And show off your wiles.

Bewitch and bewilder  
Wherever you can;  
But pray—prayer, remember,  
I am not the man!

I'm frozen to blushing,  
I'm proof against eyes;  
I'm hardened to slippers,  
And stony to sighs.

But I do fear my heart;  
That young Cupid can lance;  
I'm not in the market  
At any advance.

I sew my own buttons,  
I darn my own hose;  
I keep my own counsel,  
And fold my own clothes.

I mind my own business,  
And live my own life;  
I won't—no, the dickens—  
Be plagued with a wife!

And yet there's nine aspirators  
Who believe me their fate;  
They two do dozen widows  
Who'd change their estate.

There's silly young maidens  
Who blush at my bow;  
All about me marrying me,  
No matter how!

I walk forth in trembling,  
I come home in dread;  
I don't fear my heart,  
But I do fear my head.

My civilised speech  
Is a growl and a nod;  
And that—be heaven my goal—  
Is "charming old!"

So, ladies—old ladies—  
Just hear me, I pray;  
I speak to you all,  
In the pluralist way.

My logic is simple,  
As logic can be—  
If I won't marry you,  
Pray—don't marry me!

The man who wrote the above lines  
has gone to mingle with the fellow who  
"never told a lie."

### THE PRIEST'S ARTIFICE.

(From Sketches in Russia.)

All but the tall priest then threw  
their cards on the table, and, saying:  
"A fresh deal after church  
service." (It was Sunday morning.)

"No, no," he said, "keep your  
head, partner; I shall keep mine—  
it is a good one—and we shall play  
the game after our return. Here,  
Vassili; give me a towel—wet. That  
will do. Now my robes—there, that  
comb. And now go, every one of  
you, to your posts."

Thus saying, he proceeded with  
firm step to the church, by private  
entrance.

As he left the room I saw him  
place his good hand of cards within  
his sacred robes, under the inside  
fastening. He was evidently deter-  
mined not to lose sight of his trumps,  
and carried them off on his person  
into the church. I ran around to  
the front entrance, and was just in  
time to witness the commencement  
of the service. It was a wonder-  
ful judgment did not fall on the chief  
priest; and it did in a way. At one  
part of the service, just as he was  
stepping on the platform he put his  
hand inside his robe to pull out his  
handkerchief and as he drew it out  
the cards came also unbidden, and  
fell scattered over the altar floor.

This would have paralyzed any or-  
dinary man, but that priest never  
moved for a moment. He looked  
coolly at the cards, then steadily at  
the people, as much as to say, "You  
all see that—take notice of it; I  
shall tell you about it by and by."

He then continued the service. At  
the close he pointed at the cards,  
then beckoned a little peasant boy,  
with a short skirt of coarse linen and  
trowsers to match, not very clean,  
who had been cringing and bending  
before a poor peasant woman, his  
mother.

"Come here!" The boy went.  
Turning to the congregation, he  
said: "I will give you a lesson you  
will not forget for some time. You  
see these cards lying on the floor? Do  
you think I put them there for  
nothing? We shall see. What is  
your name, my boy?"

"Peter Petrovitch," he said.  
"Well, said Petrovitch, go and  
pick up one of those cards you see  
lying on the floor, and bring it to me.  
There, that will do. Now tell me  
Peter Petrovitch, what card is this?"

"The ace of spades," said the boy  
with ready knowledge.

"Very good, Peter Petrovitch;  
bring me another. What card is  
that?"

"The queen of spades," said  
Peter.

"How well you know them, Peter!  
bring me another. And what may  
that be?"

"The ten of hearts."

"That will do, Peter, the son of  
Peter. Now turn round and look  
at this picture. Can you tell me  
what saint it represents?"

The boy scratched at his head,  
then shrugged his little shoulders,  
lifting them up to his ears, then  
scratched his head again, and said:

"I know not."  
"Now look at this one—who is  
this?"

The same answer.  
"And this?"  
"I cannot tell."

"That will do, Peter, the son of  
Peter; you may go to your mother.  
Turning to the people, he continued:  
"Do you now know for what pur-  
pose I put the cards on the floor? Do  
you not think shame of your  
selves? Tell me, is it not dis-  
graceful and scandalous that the nice  
white-haired little boy can tell me in  
a moment the name of every card  
in the pack, and he not know the  
name of one of the blessed saints? O  
shame, shame on ye, so to bring  
up the young after all the good  
teaching I have given ye! Go away  
and learn the lesson I have given

you this blessed day. Don't forget  
it, and force me to bring cards into  
this holy place again. Vassili, put  
the other cards up and keep them  
for me."

So, with solemn step, he left the  
church to play out his interrupted  
game.

### ROMANCE OF A HOSPITAL.

A Young Physician Falls in Love  
With a Nun and Vows  
to Marry Her.

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.

St. Francis Hospital, a Catho-  
lic institution in this city has recently  
been the scene of a very roman-  
tic occurrence. Some five or six  
months ago, a young physician, son  
of a prominent citizen of Pittsburgh,  
obtained the appointment of assist-  
ant physician to the hospital. As he  
is a Protestant, some surprise was  
manifested by those conversant  
with the facts, that he should be thus  
honored by a Catholic institution.

He received no pay for his services,  
further than his board. Everything  
apparently ran along smoothly and  
pleasantly to all, until a short time  
ago, when an event transpired which  
has caused the young physician to  
sever his connection with the insti-  
tution, the reason thereof being  
this: Residing in the hospital were  
several nuns and sisters of mercy,  
who had taken vows of eternal cel-  
ibacy. One of these, however, hap-  
pened to be young, beautiful, intel-  
ligent and attractive, and the physi-  
cian soon became deeply enamored  
of her. And notwithstanding her  
vows, the young man soon learned  
to bow in secret at another shrine  
than that of the Virgin Mary; in  
fact, her love for the fascinating young  
physician became as strong as his  
for her. In the daily association of  
hospital life they had frequent op-  
portunities for speaking in that lan-  
guage which requires no words for  
utterance, and eventually the young  
"Romero" prevailed upon the not  
unwilling "Juliet" to renounce her  
vows and flee from the citadel that  
restrained her ardent young life. So  
one bright morning, the fair recluse  
was not to be found; in the still-  
evening of night she had fled, without  
even so much as bidding her com-  
panions adieu. The Mother Superior  
of the establishment was naturally  
exceedingly angry, and proceeded  
to make an investigation of the af-  
fair. As the result of her inquiries  
she accused the young physi-  
cian of having assisted in the  
event, and to her surprise he not  
only did not deny it, but openly  
acknowledged that he had opened the  
doors for the nun. And, further, he  
insisted that he had a perfect right  
to do so, as he was engaged to be  
married to her, and it was a fore-  
gone conclusion that he could not  
fulfill his contract if she retained the  
veil and a residence within the en-  
cumbered limits of the hospital.

The Mother Superior became ex-  
ceedingly wroth, and informed the  
physician that his services would be  
dispensed with in the hospital. He  
received the announcement very  
coolly; and more than that, he told  
the irate lady that he had no pre-  
parations to go to Philadelphia, and  
so soon as he was established there  
he intended to marry the fair nun  
whom he loved, admired and re-  
spected. The physician is but a little  
over nineteen years of age, but is  
said to be a young man of great  
promise in his profession. The nun  
is a young lady well formerly re-  
sided in the South, and is like-  
wise by those who know her much  
esteemed for her many virtues, as  
well as for her beauty and intelli-  
gence. In this connection it is not  
necessary to give the names of either  
of the parties.

**A Lock of Hair.**  
Almost every one has had at least  
one lock of hair cut from the head  
of one now dwelling in that silent  
land whence came no messages, no  
letters, no tokens of any kind to tell  
of love and remembrance. Every  
one knows that strange emotion,  
half joy half woe, with which the  
tiny relic of so much that was once  
dear can thrill the soul. Only now  
and then do we dare to take it from  
its hiding place, hold it in the palm,  
press it to the cheek, and use it as  
a talisman to recall all that we must  
perforce forget in the work-a-day  
world for the sake of strength to do  
its battle.

We do not know whose hair that  
which you treasure may be—whether  
the glossy curl from a baby's head,  
the dark lock from the brow that  
once made your pillow, a parent's  
gray tress, or a young lover's sunny  
curl. Nor does it matter, for all  
love in its essence, in that part of it  
that outlives death, is alike and  
equally pure; but we know that there  
is nothing like it to you anywhere.

There are no words for the thoughts  
it brings. They mock language. As  
you touch it, and gaze at it, you  
have nothing to say. You feel the  
thrill of your dead rose, that is  
all, and the wounds they make  
bleed.

There are old superstitions about  
locks of hair. It was not well for  
lovers to exchange them, it is said;  
and sorcerers always require a lock of  
hair before working spells for or  
against man or woman. In Sweden  
and Norway one who lets a little bird  
get a lock of his head for her nest,  
dies before the young birds fly, un-  
less old gossips are mistaken. Even  
about the hair of the living lies some  
romance; but the hair of the dead  
is a poem that hearts comprehend.

So a thief, who had stolen a lady's  
jewel-casket, once sent a letter to  
risk to himself, a little golden tress  
folded away amidst the diamonds—  
more precious than they—to the  
childless mother, with this brief  
note: "Which I am the art to  
keep it."

But it is only when it is cut off  
that there is any romance about the  
hair, unless it is beautiful. On ugly  
tresses no one has any mercy. Yet  
course or thin, or red or faded though  
it be, some day the commonest thatch  
that ever covered skull will be so  
much, so very much, to one who has  
loved and outlived the being on whose  
head it grew; such a strange, awe-  
some thing to kiss and shed fond  
tears over, and put away carefully,  
amongst most precious relics.

**He "Passed."**  
"But I pass," said a minister in  
the Wesleyan East one Sunday morn-  
ing one of his subjects to take up  
another. "Then I'll make it spades,"  
yelled a man from the gallery, who  
was dreaming the happy hour away  
in an imaginary game of euchre. It  
is needless to say he went out on the  
next deal, being assisted by one of  
the deacons with a full hand of clubs.

**Fretting.**  
One fretter can destroy the peace  
of a family, can disturb the harmo-  
ny of a neighborhood, can unsettle  
the councils of cities and hinder the  
legislation of Nations. He who frets  
is never the one who mends, who  
heals, who repairs evils; more, he  
discourages, enfeebles, and too often  
disables those around him, who but  
for the gloom and depression of his  
company, would do good work to  
keep up brave cheer. The effect  
upon a sensitive person in the mere  
neighborhood of a fretter is indescri-  
bable. It is to the soul what a cold  
mist is to the body—more chilly  
than the bitterest storm. And  
when the fretter is one who is be-  
loved, then the misery of it becomes  
indeed supportable.

### Journalism Militant.